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BRITAIN
—
A POEM.



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B R I T A I N,

A POEM;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

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SOME OF WHICH WERE WRITTEN

ON OCCASIONS OF

NATIONAL INTEREST.

BY JAMES GREEN.

SHERBORNE:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. ROBERTS.

LONDON: SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL.

—
1842.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCE ALBERT.

ILLUSTRIOUS SIRE,

IN humble but sincere acknowledgement of the many virtues which adorn, dignify, and endear to the people of the British Realms the person of your Royal Highness (to recount which would be no easy—or if an easy would be a superfluous task,) I venture to inscribe the unworthy tribute of this publication. The poetry itself, imperfect though it be, will I trust contain a sufficient apology, the patriotism which inspired it.

The variety of excellencies which your Royal Highness manifests in all the distinguished relations and duties which belong to your exalted station, are universally known and appreciated, and will ever be held up as a model to all of admiration and imitation.

That your Royal Highness may long continue the illustrious Consort of a beloved Sovereign—the happy parent of an affectionate family—the pride of the distinguished circles which your virtues adorn, and the blessing of the British Nation, is the heartfelt prayer of

Your Royal Highness's

Most humble Servant,

JAMES GREEN.

Sherborne, May 2nd, 1842.

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BRITAIN,

A POEM.



BRITAIN.

HAIL happy Britain! country of the brave!
Land of my fathers, chainless as the wave!
Where Freedom has a shrine in every heart,
And every arm would play a warrior's part;
Where Life and Liberty are held as one,
And Death were dreadless, Slavery to shun—
Land of majestic might, whose lion mien
Pervades the earth, terrific but serene;
Whose smile's security—whose look is law—
Whose name strikes heartless tyranny with
awe—

Land of commercial dignity and pride—
Power in thy arm and plenty at thy side—
Enthroned in peerless majesty of reign,
The sovereign empress of the mighty main—

Land where fair Science and the Graces shine ;
Land hallowed with the Muses' sacred shrine ;
Land honor'd with the Sages'—Shakspeare's
dust,

With Plato's page and Homer's song and bust ;
And more than all—Land blest with truth and
love,

In mercy manifested from above—
Pure truth intended to refine the heart,
And love embodying all Heav'n could impart—
Distinguish'd land ! unto the feeling mind
By every fond association twin'd—
Britain, my country ! ever shall I be
In Gordian tie of heart and hand to thee.

Whate'er the soul, where'er the spot on earth,
A charm there must be in the place of birth,
For e'en the heart, half petrified by crime,
Thrills at the thought of childhood's taintless
time,

And where the bud of youth unblighted blew,
And where the gladsome boy to manhood grew ;
Beneath a father's ardent love and pray'r,
And mother's fond solicitude and care,
With buoyant breast and hopes than dreams
more gay,

And eyes that shone the liquid veil away ;
With heart untried by time, untouched by woe,
Save that alone, which with the tear would flow ;
Though there no charms of Art attract the eye,
Though sterile Nature's soil and stern her sky,
Though Science smooth not there the ills of life,
And want with labour wage its weary strife ;
Though on that land fair Freedom's lucid rays,
Scarce glimmer through Oppression's midnight
maze ;

Though tears and torture—tyranny and toil,
Mercy invoke and vengeance on that soil—
Around that home the heart in fondness clings,
And neither time nor change can tear the strings,

And through the mist of years a ray serene
Will gild in Fancy's eye that boyhood scene ;
That spot will hallow and endear the whole
And form the patriot's comprehensive soul.

But can on earth so proud a birthright be,
As that thy children, Britain, boast in thee ;
Nature has zon'd thy greatness in her might,
And Science thron'd thee in immortal light ;
Peace spreads her angel-pinions o'er thy land,
And Plenty opens her abundant hand.
The wind performs thy will—the wayward wave
How boldly do thy fearless seamen brave !
Thy bounding ships on every billow ride,
And peer in every port in pinion'd pride,
And bear from every mine and fruitful vale,
Gems to adorn and odours to regale.

What towns and cities heighten every view !
What countless villages and villas too !

How vast thy Capital, where works of might
Confuse the soul and captivate the sight!

What temples dom'd and spiral columns rise
In lofty grandeur, tow'ring to the skies!

What lasting monuments to show their fame,
Who gloried in and glorified thy name;

Who by thy love and liberty inspired,

In the court toil'd, or in the camp expired!

Thy Heroes' deeds, "embalm'd in Honour's
shrine,"

Like radiant bulwarks e'er around thee shine;

Thy Freedom, Britain, and thy deathless Fame,

Live in a Wellington's—a Nelson's name;

High deeds in them, high thoughts in us inspire--

The patriot's feeling and the poet's fire:

Where Liberty is deem'd more dear than life,

Where conquest cannot—glory crowns the
strife;

The powerful Guardian of our peaceful land,

By Victory laurell'd see her proudly stand,

While Virtue too, in loveliness allied,
Serenely smiles securely at her side;
Twas she o'ercame "th' invincible array,"
And tyrants since, as fierce and feared as they;
Still shall the world her chainless sceptre own,
Our altars—hearthis the basis of her throne.

There Science sheds her beams on every side,
And Art seems all devices to have tried;
There Genius dwells and dares neglect's dark
night
To quench the deathless lustre of its light,
Shines through the gloom unaided want may
bring,
And tears from Envy too her venom'd sting;
Cheer'd by the thought—the soul's surviving
pow'r
Shall triumph o'er the present living hour—
And writes indelibly the unheeded name
Upon the radiant brow of deathless Fame.

There Knowledge yields its most benign con-
troul

To soften, solace and sublime the soul ;
There Commerce holds her universal seat,
There all her countless intersections meet,
And wafting thither her expanded wings
Each breeze that blows, a burdened bounty
brings.

How genial is thy clime—thy vales, how fair !
What floral meads, what fragrance floats the
air !

How charming too thy scenes—how chaste thy
sky,

Where changing worlds enrapture Fancy's
eye !

How lovely and how musical thy streams,
By echoes tuned, and silver'd by the beams !
Imparting as they eloquently glide,
A verdant elegance on every side.

How beautiful in thee, the twilight calm,
How soft and soul-sweet is the vesper balm !
Then heav'n bids all tumultuous thoughts
depart,
And hallows too the tranquilized heart,
Then sweet remembrance loves to call to
mind
Endearments past, around the heart entwined ;
The joys—the feelings, years have rolled away
Revive and bless thy slow departing day ;
Some kindred spirit in its sacred sphere,
Seems in the soul to stay the rising tear—
In heav'n a charmer still for earthly woes—
Inspired within the loved communion glows,
Till Fancy free from all the cares of day,
In sacred rapture soars from earth away ;
While stillness reigns around, within, above,
And heav'n appears an atmosphere of love.
Nor terrors haunt thy groves and forest glades,
Safe and sequester'd are their verdant shades ;

There breezes wave their soft ambrosial wing,
And winding rills unceasing gently spring :
Ten thousand warblers with unequal'd lay
With sweetest music charm the listening day ;
And "guardian oaks," like thee, unbending
stand,

Alike the strength and beauty of thy land.
The pow'rs of Nature and of Art combine
To make alike both grace and greatness thine.

And Britain—all thy sons are proudly free,
And not a slave can ever breathe in thee ;
No bonds of kindred, tyranny can tear,
Nor galling chains in thee the captive wear ;
The burning tear o'er martyrdom of love—
The tear for mercy—vengeance from above
Shall never stain the brightness of thy land,
Nor e'er again the sceptre of thy hand :
Thou giv'st thy sons the freedom Nature gave,
And sooner would'st thou be, than own a slave.

And equal legislation makes thy name,
Still more illustrious than thy freedom's fame ;
And force of thought and fire of soul combine
O'er all the earth to make thy senate shine ;
And give decrees deserving of thy throne,
Such as thy free-born sons may proudly own ;
Though stern not harsh, and merciful though
just,
Which pride must fear and poverty may trust.

And what a throne and sovereign too hast
thou,
How great—how gracious she who rules thee
now ;
In vain historic records may we scan,
Since sceptres sway'd or kingdoms first began,
No past or present nation can we find,
Ruled in more love or dignity of mind—
None more displaying to a people true,
Greatness of thought and grace of feeling too,

Though vast her empire, peaceful is her reign,
Her throne—her sceptre hath no crimson stain ;
Truth from her fame wipes falsehood's every
 blot,

And on her name leaves calumny no spot ;
Thought to her mind imparts the strength of age,
And fond solicitude hath made her sage :
Earth's kingdoms all harmoniously combine
Around her brow their olive wreath to twine.

Inscribed in history, and dear to fame,
With hers will e'er be read her Albert's name ;
The glory of his high ancestral line
Proudly untarnished, still in him will shine ;
And Britain, thou to him wilt gladly show
The debt which to that line thou e'er must owe ;
And wilt, with blessings, see thy Royal race,
With every virtue crown'd, and every grace ;
In mind and manners gen'rous, great and true,
A model lov'd like him—and copied too.

Thy meanest spot is hallow'd ground to me,
And to thy throne I bow the soul and knee,
And in thy senate though I cannot be,
And though no glorious path is marked for me,
Though unenrolled upon thy blazon'd page,
My name be read by no succeeding age ;
Though from my lips no smooth-tongu'd ac-
 cents roll,
Warm with the fervour of a patriot soul ;
Though Freedom's champion I may never
 stand
With an unshrinking heart and skilful hand,
And her red banners never fix, to wave
In triumph o'er some fierce marauder's grave ;
Though like thy Nelson I may never bleed,
Nor yield like Chatham to thy hour of need,
The falt'ring accents of a dying tongue,
Which sorrow from the faithful soul had wrung ;
Though hard my fate and common be my lot,
To live unknown, and then to lie forgot ;

Though morning toil and midnight care
combine,*

And sorrow too have touch'd this heart of
mine—

Yet never patriot's joy surpasses mine,
When with fresh lustre, I behold thee shine,
My Country lov'd! some shadow chas'd away,
Which sullied and obscured thy quenchless day.

And Britain, thou hast nobly spread abroad,
True knowledge and true worship of thy God;
Thou hast proclaim'd heav'n's great and gra-
cious plan,
To make one family the race of man ;

* It may perhaps be as well for the Author just to say that his avocations have by no means assisted the formation and exercise of a literary and poetic taste, and that should the circumstances of his future life be somewhat more favorable, and the Public approve the present production, it will be a source of much satisfaction to him to make this poem a much more lengthened, as well as more worthy publication.

Hast taught to earth, the bond of heav'n above—
Love, universal and unbroken love.

That guardian spirit of a ruined world,
By thee her peaceful banners has unfurl'd ;
Hence heav'nly brotherhood o'er earth extends,
And Peace rejoices—foes are turned to friends ;
Hence thrones of Satan—temples—idols fall,
Jehovah's own'd the Sovereign Lord of all—
The mighty God—whose word alone would
 blot

Polluted earth—creation's foulest spot—
And sweep it to—from his most holy sight—
Annihilation's uncreated night—
And scarce of imperfection leave the trace,
In nature's peopled but unbounded space—
By man alone despis'd, of mortal birth,
Alike his heav'n defy'd—defil'd his earth—
The maker of the myriad worlds above,
Is humbly now adored, the God of Love.

Yes, "God is Love," and Britain spreads his
plan—

Who could annihilate—to rescue man;
So inconceivably, a God of love,
He sent his Son—a Saviour from above;
And vain may proud philosophy deride,
Heav'n, earth, and hell attest him God who died.

Without array of heav'n or earth he came,
No dazzling robes of light, or car of flame;
No seraphs, burning with ecstatic love,
Attend his advent from his throne above;
Nature declared not her majestic God,
Nor earth unworthy, trembled as he trod;
No fiery darts of lightning guard his way,
No fierce-tongu'd thunders round their anthems
play;
But, virgin-born, an infant form he wears—
A God—a Saviour as a child appears:

One star alone imparts a transient ray,
Where He the heav'n-descended, earth-born
 lay;
On wings of light, one spirit only flew
With peace to earth, and heav'nly pardon too :
Yet heav'n-attested was his sov'reign name,
In mighty majesty of soul he came ;
Wisdom and glory as he grew, combine
To prove in him the human form—divine ;
The holy themes his lips and life impart,
Alike unknown to mortal mind and heart—
Declared his doctrine and his mission true—
Heav'n's will he came alike to teach and do,
In all his looks was seen love's soft controul,
Yet to his glance uncurtained was the soul ;
In vain profane hypocrisy would hide,
He smote the soul of pharasaic pride,
And when he did the charge of sin defy,
Mute was each tongue and downcast ev'ry eye :

(Ere infidel you dare to deem him man
Resolve this mighty problem—if you can.)

And though he chose a human form to wear,
Nature must still to him allegiance bear ;
He chains the whirlwind to his sov'reign will,
Before his word the raging wave is still ;
From him Death strives in vain his prey to
save,

His mandate breaks the silence of the grave ;
The blind, enraptured, see the light of heav'n ;
The feeble feel anew their strength is given ;
The deaf, too, hear the music of his voice ;
The dumb, in sounds before unknown rejoice ;
He who could blast from his most holy sight,
In works of mercy shows alone his might ;
And proves his still small voice of love the
same,

As that, heav'n-echoed, from a tongue of flame ;

Above, around, within we gladly trace,
The God of nature, too, the God of grace.

Nor liv'd he only, but he died for man,
Fulfill'd heav'n's gracious, great redeeming
plan ;

He left the glories of his heav'nly throne,
Took not man's life, but offer'd up his own ;
For sin—an infinite offence—he came
To suffer sorrow infinite, and shame ;
And none, while torn his flesh, can comprehend
The sufferings which his spirit—bosom rend ;
Forsaken of his father, to fulfil
His own incarnate and Jehovali's will.

How vain the hope that man can e'er atone
For other's guilt, or even for his own !
Does the poor savage who would fain appease
Imagin'd wrath e'er feel his soul at ease ?
The balm of conscience, while he bleeding bends,
Is not the balm which heav'nly Gilead sends ;

The sin-sick soul which makes him trembling
kneel,

The great physician of the mind must heal :
Vain human hopes, and poor is every price,
Sorrow nor suffering can for sin suffice ;
One hope divine was all that earth could know,
One sacrifice alone could heav'n bestow.

“ Go forth and teach ” was the divine com-
mand,

Redeeming love proclaim through every land,
To Heathen tribes reveal the mighty plan,
How God is just and merciful to man ;
Drive from the human breast the demons there,
Revenge and lust, and hatred and despair ;
Break superstition's blood-triumphal car,
And chase from earth the hellish fiends of
war ;

Your only weapon, truth—your banner, love,
Your hope on earth—a heav'nly crown above.

And Britain! thou, where'er thy sons have
trod,
Hast taught the mercy of thy gracious God;
Heav'n's love o'erflowing spreads from thee
around,
By country—clime—by tribe and tongue un-
bound.

But most at home thy works of love we see,
For Charity will ever dwell in thee;
Thy countless temples rise in every view
Adorn the scene and consecrate it too;
A kindling glow of heav'nliness is thine
And Nature seems in thee one hallow'd shrine;
The gladd'ning tidings of the gospel's sound
Have long been echoed o'er thy sacred
ground;
Ten thousand choirs their grateful anthems raise,
Whose hearts ascend to heav'n in hymns of
praise,

And though its precepts are but own'd in part,
Religion made and keeps thee what thou art ;
Scarce seen yet mightily its influence spreads,
Its balm like evening o'er the soul it sheds ;
Serene like summer twilight, too, it shines,
The spirit elevates, subdues, refines,
And every heart, in every home and hour,
Must feel, though it deny its kindred pow'r.

Tis sweet to see one sacred day of seven,
Earth, though imperfectly, resemble heav'n—
To feel our heav'n-born spirits upwards rise,
Almost unfetter'd from their earth-bound ties—
To hear while calmness reigns within, around,
The village peal of holy joy resound ;
From hill and vale the breeze-borne echoes
 rise,
And with their melody inspire the skies,
And all the choir of woods and waters round,
Harmonious mingling in the hallow'd sound,

Till Nature seems one universal scene
Of pure devotion, sacredly serene.

And Britain, if the world we travel through,
Like thine no Sabbaths—holy, happy too,
And though the scoffing infidel deride,
The Sabbath is thy pleasure, praise, and pride ;
A day by heav'n intended to be blest,
A day of peaceful joy and hallow'd rest,
When man forgets the thorns his bosom feels,
And heav'n his bleeding heart in mercy heals ;
When at the footstool of his God he bends,
While his rapt spirit to his throne ascends,
Communion holds with him in heav'n above,
Nor fears his wrath—he feels that God is love.
O best and blessed day of all the seven,
For man on earth to taste the joys of heav'n ;
Thrice happy land—'tis only thou dost know
What blessings Heav'n did with this boon be-
stow.

What Institutions, too, appear in thee,
Proud monuments of thy philanthropy.
Benevolence extends her open'd hand,
And buildings beautify and bless thy land,
Where sympathy will every aid bestow,
To heal or solace every child of woe.
The dumb, though doom'd to silence, yet are
taught

Without a sound to show the secret thought,
And signs, a vehicle of soul are made,
Whence knowledge to the mind can be convey'd.
The page of learning puzzles, too, no more,
And science opens all her varied store,
And though the language of the tongue's denied,
Yet is the soul with wisdom well supplied.

And every mean that human skill can find,
Is tried to comfort or to cure the blind,
The film is taken from the clouded eye,
The soul exulting sees the earth and sky,

Dwells on the scene with rapture and delight,
In wonder open'd to the astonish'd sight.

Or if in night unbroken by a ray,
Must be the glory of the Lord of day,
With all the varied robes which Nature wears,
Gem'd by the myriad flowers each season
bears ;

The thousand lovely tints that charm the eye,
Lit by the beams of heav'n's unclouded dye :
If every bud that beautifully blows,
In vain, its blended rays expanded shows—
The glittering daisy on the verdant lawn,
That comes to welcome summer's earliest
dawn,

Which braves like gentle Love the chilling
blast,
Like Love, though often crush'd, which fades
the last—

The lily like to Innocence array'd—
The violet like to Virtue in the shade—

The rose which spreads like Beauty every
charm—

Like beauty scattered by the earliest storm—
The tulip dress'd in robes superbly dyed,
And short-liv'd too, like gorgeous human
Pride—

If these are hidden from the charmless eye,
With all that walk the earth or wing the sky—
If all the beauties which resplendent shine,
Bright from the pencil of a hand divine—
If Nature's God must ever be unseen,
And midnight's veil must hide the varied scene,
Yet there are pleasures thou dost still impart,
The mind t'enlighten and to cheer the heart,
To chase the darken'd clouds within away,
And open to the soul celestial day.

O could they, soul-less one, like thee
behold

The Sun a noon-day canopy of gold ;

Could they in eastern glory see him rise,
Or view him setting in the western skies;
Behold the heav'n of radiance beaming there,
As if a thousand seraphs wing'd the air;
Or see the Moon and kindred worlds on high,
Serenely shining in a silver'd sky;
Or view upon the sable brow of Night,
From myriad suns a galaxy of light;
Could they but gaze upon the verdant plain,
Or look with awe upon the mighty main;
Where Time himself no chronicles can tell,
But where Eternity may ever dwell;
Where restless waves like raging demons roar,
And rend the skies or lash the rocky shore—
With dreadful terror humble human pride,—
A bubble only on the mighty tide—
How would their feelings manifest to thee,
What reverence of thy Maker thine should be.

With what admiring wonder would they see
The fertile valley and the foliag'd tree;

How would they view in Spring, the blooming
thorn—

In Summer, fruits—in Autumn, fields of corn—
Or Nature in her stainless robes of snow,
When Winter bids the eastern breezes blow—
The echoed minstrelsy of every rill—
The mightier wave in icy chains be still.
Each change of scene would change of pleasure
yield,

The birds in air—the cattle in the field—
Of these the varied forms and nature too,
Of those the plumage of surpassing hue ;
What matchless skill and beauty would they
trace,

In all the countless forms of insect race !
In all would recognize the God above,
In each and all perceive that God is love.

And num'rous works of art to them are taught
By much attentive and ingenious thought ;

With ease and elegance, the varied grace
Of fancy's forms, their skilful fingers trace ;
Unseen the needle and the bobbin ply,
The pattern—save their own—charms every
 eye,
And blindness now no longer need to know
Its lately sad attendants, want and woe.

Disease too hides his Hydra-head in thee,
And half the terrors of his tortures flee ;
The stubborn hand of Death is wrench'd away,
His darts fall harmless on his destined prey ;
And Science oft the suff'ring one can save,
E'en from the portals of the yawning grave,
And lengthen out life's short and feeble span,
With new existence to afflicted man ;
And hence Humanity delights to see
A thousand hospitals arise in thee,
While Charity with looks complacent stands,
With heartfelt joy and ever open hands,

And Pity with a tear devoutly bends—
Her prayer, that Heav'n may bless, to Heav'n
ascends.

And what Asylums are there for the poor,
Where feeble want is welcomed to the door,
Where hunger finds a free and full repast,
And wretchedness a shelter from the blast.

And though thy Charity is so betray'd,
That begging is become a gainful trade ;
That thousands try to thrill soft Pity's nerve,
And feign a poverty they well deserve,
Yet still extends to fancied want or woe,
All that benevolence can well bestow,
And hypocrites that haunt thy ev'ry door,
Proclaim to all that blessed are thy poor.

On other lands the sun may brighter shine,
And shed on them a warmer beam than
thine,

Clouds may in thee thy summer sky deform,
And rule thy winter with the scowling storm ;
Sunshine and shower may mark thy fickle
spring,
And blasting frosts thy blooming summer bring ;
There may be fairer flowers and fruits more
fine,
And fields and groves more fragrant far than
thine ;
Mountains and streams surpassing to behold,
Or lands with diamond mines, or dust of gold ;
Yet though thy sun may shed a feebler ray,
Though fairer those, more blest art thou than
they.

Let India boast her riches and perfume,
Her groves of spice, and fields of golden bloom ;
What though from earth the richest fragrance
rise,
And bright effulgence glow in cloudless skies ;

Though ceaseless summer lofty cedars crown,
And floods of heat the citrons welcome down ;
Though tamarinds spread around their grateful
shade ;

Though balmy breezes fan th' ambrosial glade ;
Though fruits unnumber'd in luxuriance grow,
And beauteous flow'rs with brilliant radiance
glow ;

Though richest gems with deep refulgence blaze,
And rarest birds are deck'd with heav'nly rays—
In blindness see the Indian vainly bends
His prostrate knee, insulted heav'n offends ;
Dark Superstition reigns triumphant there,
While Man is vile in vain is Nature fair.

Let gayer France in wanton pleasure pride,
Nurs'd in her crimes by Priest-craft at her
side,

Whilst feeding still its sateless lust of gold,
She dreams the pardons of her God are sold,

And strives to cover with a Christian name,
Her creed of curs'd impiety and shame.

Contrast thy sabbaths—or thy faith is vain—
Or theirs must be polluted and profane :
By every means to consecrate the day
Thy children strive—to desecrate it they.
Then to the Theatre her thousands stray,
To see the choicest and profanest play,
While Pleasure decks herself in loose attire,
And Passion burns with most unhallow'd
fire ;
And Gallia in thy walks we mournful see,
The law of God is not a law for thee.

Yet great has ever been and is thy fame,
And Europe once has trembled at thy name,
And wert thou from thy Popish Priesthood
free,
Did pure Religion dwell and reign in thee,

Throughout the world thy greatness then would
shine

With glory, which without, can ne'er be
thine.

But whilst thy creed is rotten at the core,
Thy gilded pleasures are but gaily poor;
Politeness does the mask of friendship wear,
But cannot hide thy brow of soul-felt care,
Without it, still the semblance may remain,
Religion only virtue can retain,

Thy buried passions now would rise and
rave,
And call their Monarch from Rebellion's
grave,
Still War-fiends triumph in his hateful fame,
And Peace herself half trembles at his name,
And Havoc yet may light his torches there,
Where still Ambition's embers smouldering
glare:

Thousands in thee would hear the battle roar,
And stain, exultingly, the world with gore,
Would hail again to rule the bursting storm,
A demon spirit in a human form.
Thy blood-stain'd banner now is half unfurl'd,
And Britain only, shields with Peace the world ;
And could thy crimson sword thy sceptre be,
What fratricide of nations should we see ;
Blood-drench'd Destruction then would rampant ride,
Nor Peace nor Mercy stay the ruby tide,
Whilst guiltless thousands as on earth they fall,
To heav'n, for thee would retribution call.

O'er thee—unholy and unhappy too—
Religion weeps, and shudders at the view ;
Through all thy land she sees her name divine
Inscrib'd by Priest-craft on Pollution's shrine,
Whilst Truth is rooted from thy clouded creed
By passion fram'd to hide the darkest deed.

Nor dimm'd alone, her radiant beauties shine—
She mourns no infidelity like thine ;
While all his laws defile—yet some defy
Their Maker too—the God who rules on high,
With bold impiety blaspheme his name,
And teach thy sons to boast their sin and
 shame,
Till Peace and Virtue leave the troubled breast,
By every passion thence to be possess'd.

Oh, would that voice that still'd the raging
 sea,
In all its blissful love speak peace to thee,
What joys would calm the surges of thy mind,
With pleasures restless—fleeting as the wind.

Great, Britain, still thy sea-girt realms will
 be—
And Europe find her power and pride in thee ;
When bleeding at her every pore, 'twas thou
Who mad'st her unrelenting tyrant bow ;

Unscaptred him who ruled the fiends of war;
And stopp'd the course of Death's triumphal
car,

Invited Peace from heav'n to earth again,
To make alike one brotherhood of men.

The brilliant sceptre of thy vast controul
Will ever awe, but ne'er offend the soul,
And Freedom—Right will from their thrones
be hurl'd,

When thou art prostrate—Sovereign of the
world.

Thy wrath arous'd can make the proudest yield,
Thy shadow for the helpless is a shield,
And Mercy makes thy fame, e'en more than
might,

Thy love of peace—than pow'r—than ruling—
right,

And though a blood-stain may have mark'd
thy brow,

Thy wreath of laurels is not crimson'd now.

Oh! lacerated Africa! whose name,
O'er guilty Europe casts a shade of shame;
Whose bleeding heart was torn with every
 woe,
Humanity a weeping world could shew;
Whose suff'rings brought the tear from Pity's
 eye,
Until the fountain of her grief were dry—
Did not Britannia's bulwarks thee defend,
How would thy homes, thy heartless tyrants
 rend!
Whose fiendish souls, which flesh and blood
 have mann'd,
Prowl for the helpless victims of thy land,
To fill th' accursed vessel's filthy hold,
And barter blood and brotherhood for gold!
Could Britain ever own so base a deed?
Could Sons of hers for Slav'ry ever plead?
Was she too brib'd with cursed lust of gold?
Could her humanity, alas! be sold!

—Repentant of her guilt she mourns the past,
And with the shame, the sorrow too will last ;
For never could there be so bright a name,
More blacken'd by a more accursed stain,
For as the brightest breast shows most the spot,
On Britain's brow the fouler seem'd the blot.

But none of hers, henceforth shall wear the
chain,
Free is her soil, and free is Britain's main :
For her no more shall heart-torn friendship
bleed,
And cruelty, the base expedience plead ;
And iron brand as brutes, mankind no more,
Nor the lash channel crimson streams of gore.
No sons that Britain owns shall e'er again,
Say Blacks are not, and prove themselves not
men.
But Africa for ever will she be,
A pow'rful and a faithful friend to thee.

Ambition's shatter'd wrecks, the blasted great,
By Fortune scorn'd, and scowl'd upon by Fate,
Shiver'd amidst the savage storms of strife,
And fiercely follow'd by their foes for life,
May find in thee a soothing, safe retreat,
Nor feel the pulse of passion fever'd beat,
And to thy clime although they strangers be,
Nor clime nor country, aliens makes in thee.

But Oh! my Country! bleeding Poland's
name,
Must touch thy glory with a tinge of shame;
Fierce were her tyrants, and her sons were free,
But yet she fell abandon'd quite by thee;
For death or liberty the sword she drew,
Too proud with suppliant soul for aid to sue;
Her children perish'd in the hope to save
Their country from an ignominious grave,
But vain their sacrifice, their blood and grief,
From Freedom's sons provoked no just relief.

Oh! injur'd Poland! thy destroyers tread
Thy unsepulchred and uncoffin'd dead!
Who sought, in patriot pride, the fatal field,
Too weak to conquer, and too brave to yield:
But yet thy fall is worthy Freedom's fame,
And nobler far than bear a slavish name.
Thy Gentry perish'd at thy Peasants' side,
And Nobles join'd thy foremost ranks and died,
And those whom harder fate had bid survive,
Who sought their death, but yet were doom'd
to live,
In manly sorrow now have left their land,
Scorning as law, their Tyrants' stern command,
Too free and noble, ever to resign
Their liberty unto a despot shrine—
Thy dead cannot—thy living will not be
Degraded slaves—unworthy thine and thee.
Yes, dying Poland's never dying fame,—
Was bought with life, and Europe's—England's
shame.

A prouder pang no falling nation felt,
Wrath to unnerve, or apathy to melt ;
In deathless dignity her children fell,
And each unbending as the soul of ' Tell,'
And left to weeping History alone,
The power that could revenge, or could atone.

And Britain, deep upon thy brow of pride
Another stain there is thou canst not hide—
The soul-felt shame that from thy hand of
 might,

Provok'd America wrench'd forth her right,
On thy own ocean-empire made thee yield,
And took thy long-fam'd banners in the field.

America! I am no friend to thee!
Thy boasted freedom hath no charms for me,
Stern are thy sons in liberty's demands,
Yet slavish chains are grasp'd within their
 hands,
 D 3

They scorn with pride the sceptre and the throne,
Yet must their tyrant-power their victims own,
Must hopeless hear their heartless lords are free,
Yet feel that they, embrutaliz'd must be.
Poor are thy gentry—thy mechanics proud—
Thy rulers crouching—and thy senate loud—
Thy laws unequal—magistracy weak—
And injured innocence afraid to speak—
Thy creed, fanaticism—and thy land
With the o'erflowing scum of Europe mann'd—
Thy boasted freedom hath no charms for me,
And 'tis a childish dream to all but thee ;
Still Britain wrong'd thee—but thy crimson
crime

Shall write thy curse upon the car of Time.

Should sacred Liberty in thee be made,
A wicked, woeful and disgusting trade ?
Should man—thy brother—chain'd a captive
be,

If tyranny the sceptre prove to thee ?

And water with his tears thy hateful soil,
And torture find reward his hopeless toil?
Can Retribution only make thee know
Thy guilt is written with thy brother's woe—
Humanity records his every sigh,
And every sorrow meets his Maker's eye—
That wealth from guilt and wretchedness which
 springs,

Y

Ten thousand curses ever with it brings?
The God who form'd the soul, placed kindred
there,

And dar'st thou ties of brotherhood to tear!
He made the chainless mind for ever free,
And meant the body should unfetter'd be.

O wipe the stain of blood from out thy name,
Or it will cost thee much of woe and shame ;
The God rules thee, who rules the worlds on
high,

And hears the angel's song—the infant's cry ;

Who from his throne stoop'd down to punish
 guilt,
When first the blood of man, by man was spilt;
And think it not, thou shalt escape his ire,
Whose sleepless eye darts forth consuming fire;
Thine is a heav'n-offending crime, and he
Who punish'd Pharoah, will not pass by thee.

In thee Apollo claims a tuneful band,
Whose lyric strains are echo'd through our land,
And Science has some noted sons in thee,
And Freedom blushes not for all thy free,
And Art stands pillar'd in majestic skill,
And Industry may boast thy able will:
And more than all—Nature* shines forth in
 thee,
In beauteous grace and dread sublimity:

* "Like Columbus we only dream of America."

TROLLOPE.

Throughout thy land, in summer's golden sky,
Gay carollers† in countless myriads fly,
With waving plumes that glitter in the view,
Of every beautiful and brilliant hue :
Thy mighty Mountains soar to sunnier skies,
Above the tempest and the cloud they rise ;
The lightning wings its azure darts below
Their lofty heads, e'er garb'd in stainless snow ;
While they magnificent memorials stand,
That earth convulsed in her Creator's hand :
Thy rugged Forests, reared by Nature's hand,
In wild luxuriance spread o'er half thy land,
Where Solitude, which shuns the cheerful day,
In massy shades secures her dreary sway :

† " Birds not so big as the end of one's little finger would probably be supposed mere creatures of the imagination, were they not seen in infinite numbers and as frequent as butterflies in a summer's day, sporting in the fields of America from flower to flower. It is astonishing how much these birds add to the high finishing and beauty of a rich luxurious landscape."—GOLDSMITH.

Thy Ocean-streams e'er unresisted sweep,
And foaming dash the vast mountainic steep ;
All yield thy land a lustre and a charm,
Which would, deserved censure half disarm,
But stain'd with Slav'ry's most degrading dye,
A heart-warm tear of sorrow veils the eye.

Nor Britain ! are thy faults and follies few,
And they who love thee most, must censure too ;
Great is thy Senate—none so great as thine—
Wisdom and Justice in thy laws combine,
The fervent soul by patriot love is taught,
And Truth comes polish'd from the mine of
thought,

While Liberty records its every sound
And spreads the eloquence o'er all thy ground—
These all unite that all thy decrees should be,
The good of all—the glory of the free—
But yet too little do thy rulers own,
In word or deed, aught but an earthly throne,

Though feeling still it is the hand of love,
Has spread thy land with blessings from above.

'Tis for sincere devotion duty pleads,
Not for the hateful jar of endless creeds ;
'Tis that the sceptre of that hand divine,
Transcendently may in thy senate shine ;
'Tis that thy rulers may devoutly be,
True, Britain, to thy gracious God and thee !

O happy land could Patriotism be,
From every selfish thought and feeling free !
Did sacred Liberty alone inspire
The freeman's spirit with its quenchless fire !
Did public welfare and the Country's weal,
Annihilate all worthless party zeal !
And could the love of pow'r subservient be,
Unto the love of principle and thee !

The flame is kindled by a spark divine,
In the pure heart, how brightly does it
shine !

The genial ray expands the burning soul,
Blazes around and warms the snow-wrapt
 pole ;
Through all the spheres of kindred glows
 afar,
And softly smiles on every distant star.

And all thy Judges, as thy laws are just,
Them guilt and innocence alike may trust ;
All selfish feeling they in truth disclaim,
Through Britain none, a venal thought would
 name—

Men whose integrity none dare impeach—
Whom shafts of calumny can never reach ;
And men to tender Mercy ever true,
Who while they punish yet who pity too—
With sorrow see the sword of Justice bare,
And strike the guilty—innocence to spare—
Men of illustrious and untarnish'd fame—
Men who compose the bulwarks of thy name.

Yet 'tis a fault that Pleading should be made,
At thy tribunals, such a venal trade—
That smooth-tongu'd sophistry should e'er be
sold,
And simple truth be mystified for gold—
That some who practice law, of meaner fame,
Should give to guilt and infamy the name,
And make thy righteous statutes serve with ease,
Whate'er their cruel selfishness may please :
And though the claims of Mercy may be shown,
Mercy nor Justice will they deign to own ;
Unheard must injur'd widowhood complain,
And orphans cry for their own bread in vain ;
And while thy Laws thy people all revere,
Thy caitiff Lawyers equally they fear.

Thy Clergy too illumin'd pillars stand,
Alike the praise and blessing of thy land ;
By whom, the uncreated rays divine
Of heav'nly truth and love reflected shine,

Which chase the gloomy clouds within away,
And light the soul with empyrean day :
With counsel—charity they cheer and bless
Thy sons who pine in sorrow and distress,
Thy sick and suff'ring too, they oft befriend,
Disease they comfort—life's last scene attend,
Pour heav'nly balm into the bleeding heart,
And humble hope and holy peace impart,
And show the soul the beams of heav'nly light
Ere Death can draw the veil of earthly night.

To thought—to thought alone—recal the day,
When Darkness o'er thee spread her Papal
 sway ;
Through clouds of Error then thy sons must
 gaze
On Truth, scarce gleaming through the mid-
 night maze ;
Then hid the heav'n-inspired volume lay
To all but those who dared to disobey ;

And thy Religion, heartless at the core,
The crimson garb of cruel Priest-craft wore:
The precious promises, inscrib'd in light,
Were shut in cloisters from the blinded sight;
And then the soul was wrapt in clouds of sin,
And dark was all above, around, within;
Unheard the "still small voice" of heav'nly love,
Which whispers peace and mercy from above;
Then thy religion taught thee woes to feel,
Though Heav'n intended it thy woes to heal;
And self-inflicted suff'rings must impart
The sanctity Heav'n only gives the heart,
And fancied pardons were profanely sold,
And Heav'n itself was barter'd too for gold!
Such Britain! in thy by-gone days wert thou,
How blinded then—how blessed art thou now!
And if on earth a Paradise can be,
O heav'n-illumin'd Britain, 'tis in thee!

Yes, while religion has a shrine in thee,
Thy Clergy will the sacred pillars be;

But Truth must own that some, alas ! proclaim,
Less in their deed than word, the creed they
name ;

And Charity must sometimes drop a tear,
While Infidelity may raise a sneer.

Thy Nobles too, Britannia, are thy pride,
Whose Ancestry are with thy fame allied ;
How many thy renown'd illustrious dead,
Who for the glory of their country bled !
Whose bright achievements ever will inspire
The song—the soul with patriotic fire !
How many too of these their sons would bleed
Like those their fathers in thy hour of need !
As noble in their nature as in name,
As dear to thee, as deathless too in fame !
Who now within thy ocean-bulwarks sail,
Nor fear the fury of the gun or gale ;
Or at thy summons ready for the field,
There to unsheath Britannia's proudest shield :

How many too, the glory of thy land,
Like columns in thy court and senate stand !
Without whose aid thy mighty name would
 fall,
Alike supporting and adorning all.

Well, Britain, may thy Nobles be thy boast,
Who grace alike thy court, and guard thy
 coast—

Cautious in council or in combat brave,
Give greatness living—glory in the grave ;
Some first in wisdom, some the first in war,
And each in life a shield—in death a star,
Whose radiant lustre on thy brow of fame,
With quenchless beams immortalize thy name—
Their worth let all thy free-born proudly own,
For feeble without them would be thy Throne.

Yet not alike are all, for some in shame,
Forget the duties of an honor'd name ;
 E 3

Lead nothing in their country but the chase,
And prove the foremost only at the race;
And some alas! whom Britain scarce will own,
Excel in folly and in freak alone,
To guilty pleasure prostitute the soul,
And drown their care and reason in the bowl;
And, shameless, some support thy vilest vice,
The slaves and victims too of cards and dice.

And dear as must be every noble name,
Still cherish'd are the sinews of thy fame—
Thy happy Peasantry—whose daily toil,
One fertile garden makes thy barren soil;
Around whose peaceful homes contentment
glows,
Without at least imaginary woes;
As needful these, as Nobles to thy state,
The Cottage as the Palace makes thee great:
Thy Peasantry, Britannia, yield thy brave,
Who make thee, mighty Sov'reign of the wave—

In Peace, the stores of plenty round thee
spread—

In War, become thy conquerors or thy dead—
Though humbly calm, they hear their country's
call,
They join thy foremost ranks to fight or fall.

Let France in fear, refortify her land—
Thy Cottages—thy safest Castles stand—
Or train her nation with a martial name,
Here Britain rise the heroes of thy fame.

And Britain, not alone thy strength they stand,
Thy cottages are beauty to thy land ;
The hand of man may be but rudely seen,
But Nature spreads around her mantling
green ;

The jessamine, rose and honeysuckle bloom,
And blend untaintedly their rich perfume :
Industry, real wants drives from the door,
And free from fancied—happy are thy poor.

Yet here alas! the seeds of Passion spring,
With ills which Poverty could never bring;
Here some forsaking honest, healthful toil,
Support their indolence by hateful spoil;
And some in daring crimes thy laws defy,
And in thy gaols or on thy gallows die.

And 'tis thy pride—thy pow'r it e'er must be—
Thy mighty press unparallel'd is free;
And whilst thy safeguard is her soul of fire,
And Liberty shall string and strike the Lyre,
Unshaken still thy stable Throne shall be,
Though Nations may combine to conquer thee:
Religion e'er will shine in loveliest grace,
Where Knowledge most unveils her heav'nly
face;
Virtue alone is safe, where Truth is free,
For Virtue lives or dies with Liberty;
And Wisdom only thrives where unconfin'd,
For ever has she spurn'd the slavish mind;

And Justice too will only there abide
Where Freedom dwells with Mercy at her
side—

A greater blessing Britain—save thy Throne—
Than thy unfetter'd Press, thou dost not own.

But not alone does Truth delight the wise,
Error alas! is prodigal of lies:
From the same fount whence thy best blessings
flow,
Spread likewise forth the fatal seeds of woe;
Pollution taints what should be ever pure;
Vice poisons too, and Virtue cannot cure.

And though Benevolence prevail in thee,
The iron hand of Avarice too we see,
Which makes Misfortune's sons its helpless
prey,
And tears from Industry its all away;

Till a worn life of tortur'd toil and care,
Find its sad recompence alone despair ;
Till Virtue can alas ! no longer bind
The hand of hungry Want and madden'd Mind ;
But woe at length engenders crime and hate,
And gives to Infamy the wretched fate ;
Or honest Poverty must, hopeless, tread
Its dreary pathway to the envied dead.

And in thy crowded cities' every street,
Thy woe-worn victims—slaves of vice we
meet ;
Striving beneath the guilty pride of sin,
In vain, to hide the hopeless heart within ;
With mirth unhallow'd feebly to controul
Remorse unconquer'd in the burning soul :
And though Repentance oft the bosom wring,
While Conscience rous'd the anguish'd heart
may sting ;

Even Pity yields to scorn, and passes by,
These thy most pitiable with tearless eye ;
The brand of Infamy has mark'd their name,
And hence Humanity's o'ercome by shame.
O Britain, should'st thou leave thy children so,
To heartless worthlessness and hopeless woe ?
And wilt thou longer barb the deadly dart
Remorse, the demon, fixes in the heart ?
Oh let thy daughters claim thy piteous aid,
Who fondly trusting—falsely are betray'd,
Who plung'd in wretchedness, then practice
 shame,
With ever blighted hopes and blasted fame ;
Let even these thy philanthropy save
From life's worst guilt, and infamy's worst grave,
And let the tear heav'n will not heedless see,
Call sympathy and succour too from thee.

And thousands in thy sinks of mis'ry throng,
Allur'd by ribaldry and vulgar song ;

While they in every town and village stand,
The greatest curse and plague-spots of thy
land.

The filthy grandeur of thy gin-shop show,
Is half the cause of all thy guilt and woe ;
While want and vice in every draft are sold,
And death itself is barter'd too for gold :
Though proud and sumptuous—hateful is the
pile,
Alike the bane and folly of the isle.

And Slander too, whose mildew'd tongue is
free,
Not lives alone, but Britain, thrives in thee ;
In circles too where other vices die,
See how it rears its serpent head on high,
With barbed subtlety it breathes around,
The poison'd falsehood jealousy hath found ;
Though every word may be a venom'd dart,
To pierce and rankle in a guileless heart ;

Though truth itself's perverted to a lie,
Yet conversation must be calumny ;
Pleased to display humanity's disgrace,
The vices or the weakness of our race.

And though thy Laws are merciful and just,
Yet thousands keep them, only that they must ;
Thy Prisons prove thy safety and thy shame,
Secure thy nation but disgrace thy name ;
Whilst in thy dreadful calendar of crime
Are sins of every land and every time.

But every virtue e'er abides in thee,
Religion's loveliest features too we see,
And on no other nation do they shine,
With half so pure and bright a ray as thine ;
And these are shades we fain would wipe away,
The brighter thou—the darker still are they.
The blacken'd clouds appear in noontide blaze,
But night conceals them from the darken'd gaze,

So in those lands where glory shines less bright,
Such spots as these are hidden from the sight.

Such Britain art thou—mighty—happy—
free—

Earth has no kingdom half so great as thee,
Thy sea-wall'd land is Europe's stable throne,
And every wave of ocean is thy own ;
In Peace, thou smil'st contentedly serene,
In War, thou art "the Thunder'r of the scene ;"
The claims of Justice are by thee obey'd,
And not in vain does Mercy ask thy aid ;
Oppression's children supplicate to thee—
His chains are broken and the Slave is free ;
Where'er thy pow'r—thy pity too is shewn
And all thy goodness as thy greatness own.

Time from the world can never take thy name,
For every land has chronicled thy fame,
His devastating hand may tear away
Thy monumental glory of to-day,

Yet shall through thousand generations rise,
Unnumber'd structures still to pierce the skies :
Rome, Greece, and Carthage, felt the Tyrant's
 sway,

But they were fav'rites only of a day,
Or high or low, he made them what they were,
But thine are bulwarks ages cannot wear ;
He too has given his vigour to thy hand,
But Nature's self has fortified thy land—
It seems—the war of elements alone
Can break thy sceptre or can tear thy throne.
Earthquakes thy rocky base at length may
 rend,

And in their cháos all thy Greatness end,
Resistless Ocean sweep thee to thy grave,
And mantle all thy Glory with the wave—
Or, should the children of the brave and free,
E'er prove unworthy of their race and thee,
Degrade their nature and disgrace thy name,
And born in glory, live and die in shame—

Should Virtue—Valour cease at length to charm,
And Liberty no longer nerve the arm—
Should e'er thy Heroes' sons forget their birth,
Forsake their Throne—their Altar and their
Hearth—

Should all thy deeds which live in deathless song,
Through darkness e'er thy quenchless day pro-
long—

If it can be—thy sons can ever bow,
Whose sires are crown'd resistless conquerors
now—

Like fallen Rome—though mightier far than
she—

Unnerv'd and crownless may thy empire be—
Till man shall cease or till the world shall fall,
Thy fame recorded shall be read by all.

*In subjoining to this Publication the following
“ Pieces” on occasions of national interest, the
Author cannot but express that he has experi-
enced much gratification in their having been
honoured with the gracious approval of Her
Majesty the Queen—His Royal Highness Prince
Albert—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager—
Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent—
and their Serene Highnesses the Duchess of
Saxe Weimar and Prince Edward of Saxe
Weimar, who were most graciously pleased to
receive them with expressions of satisfaction.*



VERSES

COMPOSED FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE
CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA,

June the 28th, 1838.

SWAY the Sceptre, Queen of Britain,
Albion's boast and Europe's pride,
Glory on thy brow is written,
Fame is with thy name allied ;
A nation's fondest hopes will be
And kindest blessings long on thee,
Sway the Sceptre ! Queen of Britain.

Sway the Sceptre, Queen of Ocean ;
Thron'd the Empress of the Sea,
Firm amidst its fierce commotion,
Shall thy kingdom proudly be ;
Its billows shall where'er they roll,
Bear forth the fame of thy control ;
Sway the Sceptre ! Queen of Ocean.

Sway the Sceptre, Queen of Freedom,
Round thy Throne the graces meet,
And lion-hearts when thou dost need'em,
Shall protect thy royal seat :
If open or insidious foe
Thy reign renowned should ever know ;
Sway the Sceptre ! Queen of Freedom.

Sway the Sceptre, Queen of Science,
Art shall flourish 'neath thy reign,
And poverty shall bid defiance
To her course henceforth in vain :
Her matron thou wilt ever be.
Her sons shall find a friend in thee ;
Sway the Sceptre ! Queen of Science.

Sway the Sceptre, Queen of Learning,
Muses shall entwine thy crown,
And Vice shall sink abashed, discerning
Beauty wearing Virtue's frown ;
Nor more in rainbow hues shall shine,
But Virtue shall appear divine ;
Sway the Sceptre ! Queen of Learning.

Sway the Sceptre, nobly, loudly,
HERE we celebrate thy name,
And our sons to ages proudly
Shall perpetuate thy fame ;
And teach their children's children too
What honors unto thee are due,
Sway the Sceptre, nobly, proudly.

Sway the Sceptre, all shall own thee
Happy Britain's Youthful Queen ;
And the *World* shall bid enthrone thee ;
Love and righteousness between ;
And Slavery shall fly thy reign,
And Anarchy shall hug his chain ;
Sway the Sceptre ! All shall own thee.



VERSES

COMPOSED FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE MARRIAGE

OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

QUEEN VICTORIA

AND HIS

ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

February the 10th, 1840.

EUROPE, all thy honours bring ;
Albion sweetest peans sing ;
Loyal hearts your voices raise,
 Loud proclaim Victoria's praise :
Joyous greet the Royal Bride,
Welcome Albert to her side.

Fairest Scion 'neath the skies !
Fondest hopes for thee shall rise ;
Britain faithful hearts can own :
 Britons e'er will love the throne :
Joyous greet the Royal Bride,
Welcome Albert to her side.

May no hostile power offend thee ;
Heaven its choicest blessings send thee ;
In thy Consort happy be,—

 In thy nation—true and free :
Joyous greet the Royal Bride,
Welcome Albert to her side.

Lion-hearts shall guard thy seat ;
Graces shall adorn thy feet—
Love and Justice wreath thy head,

 Peace throughout thy realms be spread :
Joyous greet the Royal Bride,
Welcome Albert to her side.

May their reign be long and glorious,
And their pow'rs be all victorious :
Triumph in Victoria's fame ;

 Nations bless her Albert's name :
Joyous greet the Royal Bride,
Welcome Albert to her side.

VERSES

COMPOSED FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH OF THE

PRINCESS ROYAL.

November the 21st, 1840.

FIRST daughter of the royal line,
And fairest pledge of love ;
Esteem'd by hearts whose hopes are thine,
A blessing from above.

That blessing may'st thou ever be
To those to whom thou'rt given,
And fond experience find in thee
The choicest boon of heav'n.

For children have a magic pow'r,
Whate'er—where'er our lot ;
In every home and every hour,
The palace or the cot,

May ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace
Thy parents own be thine—
The pride of thy ancestral race
In thee reflected shine.

A pattern may (like her we love)
The nation find in thee ;
To all, an emblem from above
Of what thy sex should be.

May heav'nly wisdom guide thy way,
While bliss and joy attend,
Till life's most happy lengthen'd day
Shall most serenely end.



VERSES

COMPOSED FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE

BIRTH OF A PRINCE,

November the 15th, 1841.

To Britain joy! a PRINCE IS BORN!

Let welcomes proud prevail!

And peal on peal th' auspicious morn

And Royal Scion hail.

To British minds the Sceptre shows

The blessings it can bring;

And every heart with love o'erflows,

And greets its future King.

Fair child of hope, may'st thou receive

That boon of heav'n we crave—

The blessing He alone can give,

Who thy existence gave.

May angel-pinions shield thy way

In every dang'rous hour ;

And be serene the dawning day

On childhood's hopeful flow'r.

May Virtue all thy footsteps guide

Through life's far distant day,

Nor Vice e'er draw thy feet aside

To tread her dang'rous way.

O may thy teachers wise impart,

And mayst thou e'er revere,

The important lesson to thy heart,

The King of Kings to fear.

When thine shall be the sceptr'd hand,
 (God grant a distant day,)
May love and justice rule the land—
 We peacefully obey.

To Britain joy! a PRINCE IS BORN!
 Let welcomes proud prevail!
And peal on peal th' auspicious morn
 And Royal Scion hail.



A PRAYER
FOR HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY
ADELAIDE,
THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

November the 25th, 1841.

IN soul-felt sorrow, Mighty God! to thee,
The trembling Nation bows the humble knee;
In hopeful pray'r all in one heart combine
Through clouds of gloom that mercy yet may
shine;

Save—we implore thee—in thy goodness save
Thy suff'ring Servant from a tearful grave,
Let not Benevolence and Virtue plead,
Nor Charity—in vain—their hour of need;
Let pining Grief no longer pensive sigh,
And dry the gushing tear from Sorrow's eye,
And let the Widow's—Orphan's cry prevail,
And list Disease's and Distress's tale;
For thou Misfortune's sons wilt ever own,
Their prayer oft sways the sceptre of thy throne;

For them—for all—for her—we mournful bow—
Humanity's kind Friend—oh! aid her now;
Let not a stricken Nation vainly bend;
Great God! in love their supplication send;
O grant—we pray—and then in grace impart
The deepest gratitude to every heart—
Grant that though human efforts feebly fail,
Mercy and love may yet for her prevail.

Yet gracious God! yet if this cannot be,
Thy Sovereign will we own submissively,
Imperfect though must be our fleshly trust,
We e'er acknowledge thou the Lord art just;
If earth no more, may Heav'n be hence her
home,
And her's a changeless Crown and lasting
Throne:
Death's icy hand warm'd by a Saviour's love,
The grave her passport to the realms above—
Then Peace and Love shall linger round her
tomb,
And heav'nly glory dissipate the gloom.

THE THANKSGIVING

OF A GRATEFUL NATION TO ALMIGHTY GOD,

FOR THE CONVALESCENCE OF

ADELAIDE, QUEEN DOWAGER,

December the 8th, 1841.

“ Be thankful unto God and bless his name.”—Ps. c. 4.

A nation's Pray'r has reached thy sov'reign
throne ;

Thou God of love, a nation's Praises own :
Had we on earth a Seraph's lyre to string,
Or could our souls with angel-voices sing,
Joy—Gratitude should consecrate the lay
Which then our raptur'd hearts to thee would
pay—

Joy—heav'n's almighty—earth's all-gracious
King,

E'er heeds the off'ring humbled spirits bring,
And Gratitude that he has lightened now
The heavy stroke which made the nation bow.

Not the Archangel's notes alone that rise
Upwards to thee, like spirits of the skies ;
The prayer—the praise of man thy love will own,
The infant's—insect's cry can reach thy throne :
The tribute now we at thy footstool leave,
In condescension, gracious God, receive ;
Long we entreat thee leave unworthy earth,
That valued emblem of celestial worth ;
Increase of health continue to impart,
And gratitude in her's—in every heart ;
Then while admiringly we bless her name,
Thy love we will adoringly proclaim.

How great—how gracious, Mighty God, art
thou !

How lowly should unworthy creatures bow !
Thine arm almighty is our earthly stay,
Thy finger crumbles too our mould'ring clay ;
Before thy wrath the Nations turn to dust,
Yet in thy sov'reign mercy all may trust ;
Through Life in thee may sinful man confide—
Triumph in Death—a sinless Saviour died.

VERSES

COMPOSED FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE
CHRISTENING OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
PRINCE OF WALES,

January the 25th, 1842.

O THOU of heav'n and earth the King,
A nation bows the knee;
And humbly begs their pray'r may bring
A blessing down from thee.

For her we ask who rules in love
A people fond and free;
Great Sov'reign of the realms above
Do thou her Saviour be.

For him—to her in bliss entwined
Thy goodness we entreat ;
Give thou thy wisdom to his mind,
We—honors at his feet.

O may thy tender care and love
Around their first-born be,
To them, a pleasure may she prove,
And be a praise to thee.

And let not myriads vainly bring
Their world-re-echoed joy ;
Bless England's—Europe's future King ;
O bless their Royal Boy.

In vain may Jordan's fount supply
Its sacred stream and pure ;
His soul's renewal from on high
Thy Spirit must ensure.

Baptise his heart with love divine,
Grant heav'nly wisdom too,
Then shall his Crown in splendour shine,
And he thy will shall do.

May he Britannia's fame maintain—
His—Britons well defend,
And England rule the mighty main,
Till kingdoms have an end.

Then shall the glory of his line,
Until the world shall fall,
Through distant ages brightly shine,
Recorded—read by all.



MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

THE GLORY OF GOD MANIFESTED IN THE WORKS OF THE CREATION.

GREAT God! where'er we turn the eye
Thy wonders meet the view;
We see thee in the noonday sky,
And in the midnight too.

We see the Sun in glory shine,
And life and beauty give—
'Tis but a beam, Great God! of thine
Which makes creation live!

H

We view the Starry Worlds on high,
Adoringly we fall,
Own with the myriads of the sky,
The Lord is Lord of all.

We view the Earth in robes of green,
With countless garlands crown'd ;
And there in every bud that's seen
The hand of God is found.

We view the Ocean, where alone,
Nor time nor change we see,
There mirror'd, we behold the throne
Of his eternity.

And in the vital Air unseen,
His emblem too we trace,
Whose spirit fills the mighty scene
Of universal space.

He flashes his almighty eye,
The nations trembling stand,
Whilst livid darts of lightning fly,
Across the sea and land.

He whispers—through the vault above,
The mighty thunders roll;
Thy voice of wrath—O God of love,
Would overwhelm the soul.

He breathes—the whirlwinds rend the skies,
And sweep the verdant plains,
The swelling waves like mountains rise—
He smiles—and calmness reigns.

There's not an insect, bird or flower,
But tells the soul of thee;
Great God! how infinite thy pow'r!
How great thyself must be!

THE JEW.

Poor outcast unbelieving child,
Of disappointed hope,
A wand'rer o'er the earth beguil'd,
In darkness doom'd to grope.

The patriot fire that fills thy breast,
Is but a smother'd flame ;
Thy country, once divinely blest,
Owns but a hopeless name.

Thy Temple, then thy boast and pride,
With thy delusions fell,
And left thee nought on earth beside
The doubt inspir'd of hell.

Thy kindred scatter'd—hopes deceiv'd,
Thy altars too o'erthrown,
The heart for thee that has not griev'd
Must be a heart of stone.

A miracle of wrath thou art,
From age to age reveal'd,
By time—by custom—nor by heart,
Nor aught on earth conceal'd.

Too proud to think, too blind to see
Thy God incarnate true,
That God has now deserted thee,
And man despises too.

The world that yields for all a home,
Barbarian, bond, and free;
Dooms thee alone through life to roam,
Without a home for thee.

Blighted in hope and blind in mind,
And bleeding too in heart,
Thy Saviour own—and thou wouldst find
Light—joy he would impart.

Yes he—the insulted Nazarene
Rejected in disdain,
Whose bosom bore thy guilty sin,
Whose brow its crimson stain—

He—Lord of light, and life, and love,
Who mourn'd thy wayward will—
Thy fathers now with him above,
He loves their children still.

Auspicious day of promise hail !
When the proud stubborn Jew
Shall feel his false delusions fail,
And be a Christian too.

VERSES

Written on the loss of a sweet babe, whose spirit left its human tenement on entering our world of mingled happiness and woe.

Sweet babe ! had earth no charms for thee,
Thou only claim'st a grave ?
E'er perish'd must those fond hopes be
Which lov'd but could not save !

Thine eyes look'd not on earthly light,
Nor look'd on earthly love ;
Thy spirit wing'd its rapid flight
To happiness above.

Yet to affection's ardent eye,
Ere rose thy soul to rest,
There seem'd in love one parting sigh,
For those thy life had blest.

But dear shall be the crumbling clay
Sweet spirit left by thee,
Not dearer if had been thy stay
Thy parents' smile to see.

Not on thy mother's tender breast,
Beneath a father's love,
—Take 'neath the turf thy tranquil rest,
Nor heed the storms above.

Sweet flowers around thy bed shall bloom,
But midst their verdant wreath,
Be seen the emblem of thy doom,
Thou fairer bud beneath.

Yes, some shall blighted fall like thee,
Some bloom and then decay,
But thou a fadeless flower shalt be,
Through heav'n's unclouded day.

And vain—how vain!—the tears for thee;
Fond parents weep not so;
If tears in heav'n for earth could be,
For you, your child's would flow.



POETRY.*

URANIA—Melpomene—or what name
Celestial Goddess, will bespeak thy fame?
Thou fair and lovely one of heav'nly birth,
Whose graceful beauties glorify the earth!
In every season is beheld thy pow'r,
In storm and calm—in sun and moon-lit hour;

* The Author would be extremely sorry, even in the regions of imagination, ever to lose sight of that profound reverence of Deity, which his word and works universally inspire; or ever to forget, in illustrations of his power, that he has no agent in the operation of nature, but his own will. It may however in some humble measure assist us in our estimate of Incomprehensible Infinity, occasionally to personify various features of his power, and the Mythology of the Ancients is not, in this respect, without its use, and purified from the defilements of the polluted imaginations from whence it arose, may even inspire devotion, while it extends our ideas of the varied attributes and operations of the Divine Being.

In Nature's varied robes thy splendors shine,
Bright from a pencil dipt in hues divine,
Which shades the lovely sweetness of the rose,
And tints with beauty ev'ry bud that blows ;
Each bird is tinseld with its magic grace,
And its enamel decks the insect race.

When day's great King, enshrin'd in molten
gold,
And rob'd in light, too blazing to behold,
Mounts in majestic might his fiery zone,
With richest tapestry around his throne,
In glory, far surpassing all compare,
Save that the eye of Deity were there—
Thy presence then pervades the splendid whole,
And strikes the grandeur to the feeling soul.
Or when the vestal Queen of silver skies,
Does with her starry train serenely rise,
Spreading around the soul her sacred calm,
And soothing passion with celestial balm,

'Tis thou who dost the soft enchantment bring,
And touch within the spirit's secret spring,
And make the chill of sense and self to melt,
And make the mind be feeling and be felt.

The lightning would without thine influence
fly,
And only light the torch of terror's eye,
Without thy pow'r the thunders voice would
roll,
Unfelt within, unechoed by the soul,
The fearful storm would be sublime no more,
And man would tremble, but would not adore ;
But thou hast dignified, and dost controul
The mighty passions of the noble soul—
Matter associated and sublim'd,
With all the grace and majesty of mind.

Hence ev'ry riv'let will with music flow,
And ev'ry breeze with melody will blow,

And Fancy will, when forked lightnings fly,
Behold the Deity's all-searching eye,
Or when the mighty voice of thunder speaks,
Will think th' Omnipotent the silence breaks—
And storm and darkness wear his awe divine ;
And as his shade the sun will seem to shine.

Touch'd by thy magic wand, the mighty soul
“ Lives through all life,” and spurns all gross
 controul ;
Mounts the majestic car of conqu'ring Time,
And rides his course of ravages sublime ;
In glory flourishes when empires die,
And lives to light a dark historic sky ;
Scans at her will all nature's wide domain,
And triumphs in thought's vast unbounded reign ;
Floats the wind's wings, or sails the buoyant
 wave,
Tracks the red lightning—treads the loathsome
 grave,

Enters that bright abode where angels dwell—
Opens the curtains of the throne of Hell.

The poet's soul ! ah what shall quench its fire ?
Contempt will cower, and tortures too will tire :
Ye injur'd shades, the victims of your fame,
Your noble guerdon is your scorers' shame :
Tasso—thy cell could not confine the lays,
Which now the world has echoed in their praise ;
And thou of Greece*—the mighty sire of song—
What shame and glory to thy name belong—
Shame—degradation should have been thy lot—
And glory to which time can give no blot—
Your lustre shone the beacon lights of hate,
But song has shrined immortally your fate.

* The tradition that HOMER sung in the streets for his bread is not more poetic than probable. Though the Muses strewed his song with the immortal flowers of Parnassus and feasted his soul with its ambrosial fruits, the path of real life may have been barren and rugged and Poverty may perpetually have harassed the spirit it could not overcome.

All ye despis'd whom Fame has nobly scroll'd,
And in eternal characters enroll'd,
No gloomy shades henceforth shall dim your day,
And now your guerdon none shall snatch away,
You paid the cost—you have the boon of Fame—
Labour in life—in death a laurel'd name.

O ye who seek the bays at genius' goal!
To win those laurels you must waste the soul,
Ah! ye will find that rugged is your way,
And thorns are thick where flow'rs appear so gay.
The brilliant sunshine of a summer sky,
Lights not the fire of your fast fading eye,
But penury's ungenial blight and blast,
Will on your steps untimely winter cast;
And yours must be the task and toil of thought;
The reel of mind with fancy over-fraught;
The whirling brain for ever on the rack,
And the brow mark'd with thought's corroding
track;

Of soul-less critics you must feel the rage,
In venom vented on your peaceful page,
Your spirit's pride must with their poison smart,
Who crush the soul or scathe a wounded heart.

Such are thy children, Queen of soul and song,
To whom such sorrow and such slight belong,
It is o'er these thy thrilling influence reigns,
To tune their spirits unto Nature's strains,
And teach their raptur'd souls to read and feel
The volume which creation does reveal ;
Hence ev'ry sight as beauty will appear,
And every sound be music to the ear ;
The morn be light and life—the eve be love,
Lit by the rich enchantment from above ;
Nature one universal temple be,
Shrin'd with the hallow'd heart's idolatry ;
And thus thou dost their compensation send,
For all the ills which on their path attend.

MEMORY.

O Memory! 'tis thine to bless,
And thine to blight the soul;
And open lies deep recess,
To keys of thy controul;
Thou canst unlock the wards of woe,
And rouse th' imprison'd thoughts below.

'Tis thou dost yield the thrilling smart,
The spirit oft will feel;
And but for thee, the wounded heart
Forgetfulness would heal;
But thou dost give regret its tear,
And deep embitt'ring thoughts endear.

And Mem'ry thou art richly fraught
With a well-hoarded store
Of pleasing, fond and grateful thought,
Of happiness no more ;
Sweet recollections which will twine
A wreath of joy round Sorrow's shrine !

If Youth review its dawning day,
How many scenes have fled !
How many joys have pass'd away !
How many friends are dead !
E'en then will fond affection be,
E'er cherish'd by the Memory.

Manhood is sure to cast a shade
O'er boyhood's brilliant day ;
And all its pageant hopes will fade,
And visions flit away ;
But Memory gives departed youth,
A lasting joy surpassing truth.

And Youth is e'er a happy hour,
And sunny is its sky ;
But while its sorrows lose their pow'r,
Its pleasures do not die,
Since Memory yields to years of pain,
The sweetness of their youth again.

And Mem'ry unto Conscience gives
The keenness of its dart ;
And ev'ry venom'd thought that lives
To rankle in the heart ;
For ev'ry by-gone crime will be
Enroll'd and shown by Memory.

How blest when life is fading fast,
And age has dim'd its day,
And Death has drawn his veil to cast
Night o'er its waning ray,
If all remembrance then should be
From every pang of conscience free !

M U S I C.

IN heav'n arose this Syren of the soul,
Angelic bursts of rapture to controul,
To tune to melody the lyres above,
And wake Seraphic ecstacies of love ;
To concert Nature's universal pow'rs,
And give a foretaste of that world in ours.

Her presence evening's starry sphere pervades,
And gives the sweetness to the silver'd shades,
And makes the silence, song—soulfelt—divine,
For sound too sacred and for sense too fine :
And she is present when from shore to shore,
From clouds contending, fire-tongu'd thunders
 roar ;

Or when old Ocean rears on high his head,
And wakes the slumb'ring demons from their
bed,

And sounds his mighty and terrific voice,
And bids the spirits of the storm rejoice.

'Tis she that tunes the riv'let's rippling tale,
The whisp'ring zephyr and the clam'rous gale;
And makes the peans of the grove be felt,
And into melody the notes to melt;
And choirs a thousand echoes all around
To blend in harmony discordant sound.

'Tis she who soothes the mighty din of war,
And smoothes the wheels of Death's triumphal
car,
Dulls ev'ry cry—drowns ev'ry fierce alarm,
And gives to dreadful fate a dreadless charm.

And she can still the tempest of the breast,
And make its tenant demons silent rest ;
Can yield to sorrow's sharpest pangs relief,
And give the soul the ecstasy of grief ;
And she can rouse the latent thoughts of woe,
And make the tear of fond regret to flow,
Give Mem'ry all its bitterness of pow'r,
And quickly darken e'en the brightest hour.

Thus mighty is the Goddess of the Lyre,
Whose spirit does all heav'n and earth inspire ;
She strings the the rapt Archangel's thrilling
notes,
And on the waves of village cadence floats—
Sounds in the breeze—shines in the silver ray,
And tunes to melody the Minstrel's lay.

VERSES
ON THE LOSS OF THE
PRESIDENT STEAMER.

Who feels not in affection's breast
Hope fondly love to linger there?
The cheering and the cherish'd guest,
E're doubt be darken'd in despair!

Who knows not from the bleeding heart
How hard it is to say farewell!
And bid that Heav'nly one depart
To leave Despair—the child of Hell?

But Hope adieu—to happier homes
Thy flutt'ring pinions bear away,
Cheer other hearts whose solace roams,
We, cheerless, cannot bid thee stay.

Friend, brother, husband, wife and child,
The lov'd, the valued, where are they?
Lover with whom e'en sorrow smil'd?
—All to unbroken silence prey.

Ask not their fate—the howling wind,
Whose voice was horror heeds not thee;
The fire-tongu'd thunders too could find
A choir for them, no sound for me.

The restless wave will reckless roar,
Till Time expires their knell will ring,
From shore will echo back to shore,
But ah! no tidings will it bring.

But while alas! your sorrow flows,
Mourner! oh let no murmur rise!
Thy grief that God can heal who knows,
Thy God and theirs—the just and wise.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE BELOVED

PARTNER OF MY HOME AND HEART.

When Fancy first in fondness brought
Her forms of love to me,
How little then *her* bliss I thought
E'er realiz'd could be.

She show'd me oft a thousand charms,
The phantoms of the brain,
She chas'd away a thousand harms,
Till reason chas'd her reign.

But Fancy in her fairest pow'r,
Ne'er brought the joys to me,
To charm and solace ev'ry hour,
That I have found in thee.

Through Nature 'tis delight to me,
To trace a hand divine,
And oft that hand I view with thee,
In countless beauties shine.

We raptur'd see the Lord of day,
In morning glory rise ;
Our spirits soar beyond his ray,
To brighter, purer skies.

Or when in majesty of day
His throne appears on high,
O God ! whilst on thy feeblest ray,
We cannot lift the eye,

We learn, if thus a spark of thine,
Illumine worlds below,
How must essential brightness shine,
And heav'n with glory glow !

Or when he cools his evening beam,
Far in the western sea,
How lovely is the twilight gleam,
How beautiful with thee !

Among the starry worlds on high
Our spirits love to roam,
The God who deck'd with gems the sky,
Gave too—"the star of home!"

We view the earth adorn'd with bloom,
And bright as joy can be,
I love her fields of rich perfume,
But more a smile from thee.

When shar'd with thee each thought is sweet,
Though it should call a tear,
For sympathy when spirits meet,
Can make e'en sorrow dear.

When o'er our infant's grave we bend,
The hand of God we own,
And feel it, as our souls ascend,
The footstool of his throne.

When on my brow are clouds of care,
I turn thy face to see,
The love that beams so brightly there,
Drives every cloud from me.

I have no hopes but what are thine,
No home but in thy heart ;
May Death for us his darts combine,
Nor tear the same apart.

FINIS.

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